



December the Twenty-first

Celebration

by the

State of Connecticut

of the

Tercentenary Anniversary

of the

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers
at Plymouth Rock

"A great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto . . . yea, though they should be but even as stepping-stones unto others for ye performing of so great a work."

— From Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation,"

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CELEBRATION

AS AUTHORIZED BY THE CONNECTICUT LEGISLATURE OF

1919

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT

PLYMOUTH ROCK

1620

Parsons Theatre



Hartford, Connecticut

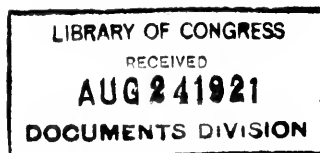
DECEMBER THE TWENTY-FIRST

1920

AT TWO-THIRTY O'CLOCK, P. M.

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*"Thus out of smalle beginnings greater things have been
prodused by His hand yt made all things of nothing, and gives
being to all things that are; and as one smalle candle may light a
thousand, so ye light there kindled hath shone to many, yea, in
some sorte to our whole nation."*

— From Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation,"

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PROGRAM

The Honorable Simeon E. Baldwin
Presiding

INVOCATION

REVEREND ROCKWELL HARMON POTTER, D. D.

Minister of the First Church of Christ
in Hartford, Organized 1632

FOREFATHER'S HYMN

Tune, Duke Street

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of Love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove
And spring adorns the earth no more.

— LEONARD BACON. 1833.

A Message from the
State of Connecticut

"A PUBLIC LETTER FROM THE STATE OF
CONNECTICUT

TO THE CHILDREN OF HER SCHOOLS"

Read by

MISS CLARA M. COE

A group of Melodies
from the
Pilgrim Psalm Book
Sung by the
Glee Clubs

EXPLANATORY STATEMENT

BY

PROFESSOR WALDO S. PRATT, Mus. D.

"BOW DOWN THINE EAR" From Psalm 86

Bow down Thine ear, Jehovah, answer me,
For I am poor, afflicted and needy.
Keep Thou my soul, for merciful am I;
My God, Thy servant save, that trusts in Thee.

Jehovah, be Thou gracious to me,
For all the day call unto Thee do I.
Thy servant's soul rejoice Thou cheerfully,
For, Lord, I lift my soul up unto Thee.

"BY BABEL'S RIVERS," From Psalm 137

By Babel's rivers, there sat we,
Yea, wept, when we did mind Sion.
The willows that amidst it be
Our harps we hanged them upon.
For songs of us there ask did they
That had us captive led along,
And mirth, they that us heaps did lay —
"Sing unto us some Sion's song!"

Jehovah's song how sing shall we
Within a foreign people's land?
Jerusalem, if I do thee
Forget, forget let my right hand!
Cleave let my tongue to my palate,
If I do not in mind thee bear,
If I Jerusalem do not
Above my chiefest joy prefer!

"CONFESS JEHOVAH," From Psalm 136

Confess Jehovah thankfully,
For He is good, for His mercy
Continueth for ever.
To God of gods confess do ye,
Because His bountiful mercy
Continueth for ever.
Unto the Lord of lords confess,
Because His merciful kindness
Continueth for ever.
To Him that doth Himself only
Things wondrous great, for His mercy
Continueth for ever.

Which in our base state minded us,
Because His mercy gracious
Continueth for ever.
And from our foes did us release,
Because His merciful kindness
Continueth for ever.
Which giveth food unto all flesh,
Because His merciful kindness
Continueth for ever.
To God of heavens confess do ye,
Because His bountiful mercy
Continueth for ever.

By

COLONEL CHARLES EDWARD THOMPSON

Governor

Connecticut Society of Mayflower Descendants

All Sing

"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"

To the Tune of *Materna*

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life;
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears;
America! America!
God shed His grace on Thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

Address by

PROVOST WILLISTON WALKER, Ph. D., D. D., L. H. D.
of Yale University

"WHY WE HONOR THE PILGRIMS"

Singing
by the
Boys' and Girls'
Glee Clubs

(a) "THE VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER"

Out across the broad blue ocean,
Daring wind and wave,
In their hearts a firm devotion,
Sailed the Pilgrims brave.

Calm or tempest might betide them
Still with purpose grand
Fared they on with faith to guide them
To their chosen land.

On and on the Mayflower plowing
Through the trackless deep,
Bore the ones with fervor vowing
Heaven's pledge to keep.

Through the lonely sea that held it
In its mighty scope,
Strove that ship while truth impelled it
Toward the land of hope.

With their valor tried and tested,
Their long voyage o'er,
Home at last the Pilgrims rested
On a new found shore.

There they toiled with faith undaunted
And with purpose high,
And in their splendid zeal they planted
Truth that shall not die.

— NIXON WATERMAN.

(b) "LAND OF OUR HEARTS"

Land of our hearts, upon whose bounteous breast
Earth's weary sons from many lands find rest,
Bind us in love, that we may truly be
One blood, one nation, everlastingly.

— JOHN HALL INGHAM.

All Sing

"AMERICA"

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

— S. F. SMITH. 1832.

BENEDICTION

By the

RIGHT REVEREND CHAUNCEY BUNCE BREWSTER, D.D.

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